

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS

CONTAINING,

- 1 Moll of the Woods.
- 2 The Soldier's Lads.
- 3 Come under my Plaidie.
- 4 The Answer.



Moll in the Wood.

AS I was going along the road,
 Who should I meet but Molly my love,
 I stepp'd up to her, I did her embrace,
 She gave me a terrible smack of the face.

Moll of the wood, and I fell out,
 She bat me a thump and I gave her a clout,
 I gave her a shilling she swore it was bad
 It is a foldier's button says Moll of the wood.

Moll of the wood lives alone,
 She keeps a sporting house of her own,
 And every man that does pass by,
 She tips them in with a rolling eye.

Moll in the wood got over the stile,
 Which made the gentlemen all to smile,
 And through the green meadow she tript it along;
 And Moll of the wood was the pride of my song.

Then I follow'd her without fear,
 Thinking to treat her with wine, ale, and beer!
 Get out of my house you country clown,
 Or I'll up with my ladle and crack your crown!

Moll of the wood made this reply:—
 I've got another young man in my eye;
 A country clown I never will have,
 I'll have my young drummer says Moll of the wood.

Moll of the wood went to the fair,
 To see what pleasure and pastime was there,



She met with the drummer, he being just come,
She learned to beat on his Rum-a-dum dura.

Moll of the wood she lives alone,
She keeps a bawdy house of her own,
And every one that does pass by,
She tips them in with a gimblet eye!

THE SOLDIER'S LASS.

COME all young girls of spirit and free
Come list and join along with me.

For now I am a soldier's lass,
My time so jovially I'll pass;
While music does so sweetly play,
I'll boldly march with my love away,
And trumpets do so lovely sound,
I'll cheerfully trip it o'er the ground,
With my row dow, row dow, row dow, a,
I'll follow my soldier night and day.

But when I heard orders were so,
That unto Ireland he must go,
To dad and mam I bid adieu,
For to follow my lad so kind and true,
With my hairy cap and feather so trim,
In my loves regiment to enter in,
And boldly then I did advance,
To the coast of Ireland or France.

With my row dow dow while music play,
I'll follow my soldier night and day.

Neither sergeant nor corporal did know;
 That I a female was 'tis true,
 Enter young man, they said, with me,
 And soon promoted you shall be;
 Five guineas down they did advance,
 On the drum head without delay,
 With a flowing bowl of punch to drink
 A health to George his Majesty.

While drums did beat and fifes did play,
 And colours flying bright and gay.

When in the regiment I did join,
 I soon did learn to load and prime,
 And smiling to myself did say,
 This night I with a man must lay;
 At length arrived at a town,
 Quartered at the sign of the crown,
 To my great surprize I there did see,
 My lad I lov'd so tenderly.

When my heart did beat most heavily,
 For fear I should discovered be,

But e'er that many days were past,
 My love he found me out at last,
 And challeng'd me the truth to know,
 I blushing spoke, dropping a tear,
 Saying, be not angry my dear,
 It is for thy dear sake alone
 That I have left my native home.

And come where drums and trumpets play,
 O do not slight me love I pray.

O Sally how could you perfume,
 To venture so far from your home,

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So many dangers to go through,
But since I find your love so true,
We'll married be without delay,
The drums shall beat and trumpets play ;
And when his comrades it did hear,
All joys they drink'd to the happy pair.
I'll follow my lad both night and day,
By beat of drum I'll march away.

And when in battle he doth fight,
I'll tend upon him left and right,
And if that wounded he should be,
His wounds I'll dress so tenderly,
His linen white and neat I'll keep,
To make my soldier look complete ;
For he is the lad I love so dear,
With him no dangers I will fear.
I'll boldly march with a row dow dow,
And follow my lad where he does go.

Come under my Plaidie.

COME under my plaidie the night's gaen to fa'
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw,
Come under my plaidie, and lie down beside me,
There's room in't dear lassie, believe me for twa.

'Come under my plaidie, and lie down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw ;
Come under my plaidie, and lie down beside me,
There's room in't dear lassie, believe me for twa.

Gae 'wa wi your plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa',
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift nor the snaw ;
Gae 'wa wi your plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa',
Ye might be my Gouchard, auld Donald, gae 'wa' ;

I'm gaen to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw;
 There's nane dance sa lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
 His cheeks like the new rose his brows like the snaw.

Dear marion let that flee stick fast to the wa,
 Young Jock's but a gowk, and has nathing ava;
 The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back,
 He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa,

Be frank now and kindly I'll buse you ay finely;
 At kirk or at market, there's nane gang sae bra;
 A bico house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to tend ye as fast as ye ca'.

My father aye tell me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw,
 It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 But, wats me! ye ken he has nathing ava.

I hae little tocher, you've made a good offer,
 I'm now mair nor twenty, my time is but sma',
 Ye gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 Though ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crept in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 There Johnny was list'ning and heard her tell a',
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it daunted,
 And struck 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.

He wandered home weary, the night it was dreary,
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw,
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cry'd, woman
 Wad marry auld nick, if he'd keep them but braw.

O the Deil's in the lassies, they gang now sae braw,
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' threescore and twa,
 The hale o' the marriage is good and a carriage,
 Fain love is the caulddest blast now that can blaw.

Now dotard be wary, tak' tent who you marry,
 Young wives in their coaches, will whip and will ca'
 Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu' and bonny,
 Or he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffit to claw.

THE ANSWER.

A Young lass o'er heard him and did him misca'
 For chiding young lasses for ganging sae bra,
 When first in the garden the fruit had betray'd them,
 The sewed fig leaves to cover them a'.

And ever since that time we have been providing,
 For both bed and bed clothes to cover us a',
 It would be but stupid to lee us stark naked,
 Or wand'ring barefooted among the deep snaw:

Gae wa hame Johnny, ye novish gae wa',
 And ne'er steer another foot back fra the wa',
 But sit by the fire thereat till ye tire,
 And gie your auld mammy your back for to claw.

For young womee's cunning, they'll keep you a running,
 They'll lead you from this place to that place and a',
 And when they are weary, they'll instantly jeer you,
 And leave you to smother among the deep snaw:

E'er Johnny got hame he got monny a fa,
 Baith weary and daubed all o'er wi' the snaw,
 Being set by the ingle, I'll live nae mair single,
 A wife I will hae, for I'm laugh'd at by a'.

I'm slighted by Marion, P'll go to M'Claren,
 That gangs to the market fu' trig, and fu' braw,
 Dress'd in her own spinning baith worsted and linen,
 I think she's the best lassie yet o' the twa.

So Johnny in haste to his lass gaed awa',
 And told her his lengthen'd out story down a',

And when she had heard him she snail'd and she spear'd him,
If he was in earnest to what he said a',

For if you're not taunting, a husband I'm wanting,
I'm ready to marry, whenever you ca',
Therefore I'm well pleased and hope ye'll be cased
Fra trav'ling hereafter among the deep snaw.

Sae Johnny's got married and bedded and a',
He's got a young lassie to lie by the wa',
In his bosom he taks her, his dauty he maks her,
So now we'll return to threescore and twa.

He's auld and he's doited, he's stiff as a poker,
He's no worth a copper to lie wi' at a'
He tosses and tumbles, he snivels and grumbls,
While Marion's poor heart's like to burst into twa.

Cries had I ta'en Johnny wi' poorith and a'
I need nae been lying thus cauld by the wa',
For sake o' his treasure, I married this miser,
A girkie auld coof good for naething at a'.

But since I cannot mend it I must be contended,
And leave all young lasses this warning to draw,
I would have them live single, ere in marriage they mingle
Wi' doited auld devils at threescore and twa.

FINIS.

Author, Printer

